

Extracts from Lucy Stone's Speech at the Boston Anti-Slavery Anniversary.

Ms. CHAIRMAN: If I were to obey my own feelings, this evening, I surely should not speak a word. I would rather, when on this platform, listen than speak. But yet, if by any word I shall say, the day of deliverance for the slave shall come by one moment sooner, I am willing to offer that word—glad to offer it, too.

I listened to-day, as I always listen, with great interest, to the discussion in regard to the character of the Constitution of the United States, and the support given to the system of Slavery in that direction: I have listened to the charges that are made against the Church—of her recalcitrancy to truth and duty—I know they are all true; but yet, whenever I listen to a discussion on these topics, there always comes to me the thought, that if the government and the Constitution remain just as they are—if the Church remains with the same creed that it has to-day, Slavery would be in the land, not for these reasons—not because we have such a government, not because the churches have such creeds—but it would be in the country because we are not ourselves a free people. I mean that we who are here in Boston, here in New England, and everywhere north of Mason and Dixon's line, are ourselves so much enmeshed in the evil institutions of the country that they may, the fault lies more in ourselves than in them. The slave may clank his chains all over the length and breadth of the land; he who can tell the slave's story best, may stand to tell it in every street, in every dwelling, and by every highway, and though it may go into the ear of the people, and perhaps reach its heart, yet, after all, he who tells the slave's story tells it in the ears of those who are themselves in bonds; and though the eye of the listener may look down below him to the slave still lower than himself—bound, bruised and beaten—he yet cannot go to help him, because he is not himself in freedom. Men and women creep cowardly over God's footstool, and by their very cowardice they allow the system of slavery to run riot over the land.

I say there are few—O, very few—who dare do what is unpopular, no matter how holy it is. To illustrate what I mean: I went, a short time ago, to lecture in a town in this State, where the kind of anti-slavery represented on this platform is as odious as that, though there are meetings, houses, and halls, and school-houses in this place—all unoccupied on the week-day, and some of them unoccupied on the Sabbath, too—no hall, no meeting-house, no school-house could be obtained for our meeting. So exceeding odious is this kind of Anti-Slavery there, that those who are its friends could all be counted on the fingers of a single hand. But we found a little hillock, beautifully overgrown with trees, whose thick covering gave us a shade from the sun above, and there we went and held our meeting. In that town we found there were many who would have been glad to attend our meeting, if they had dared to do so. One woman—and I think she was a fair representative of her sex—said, 'If I were only a mouse in the wall, I would go to their meeting.' She was not afraid of his eye who never slumbers, but she could not bear that her neighbors should know that she went to a meeting that was held in so low esteem. She would have been glad to have heard us, but she was afraid of the laugh of those who did not think it proper to go there. I believe she represents a vast majority of the women of the land. We are not so mindful of the opinion of him whose eye, if waking or sleeping, is always upon us—we are not so mindful of what he thinks, of the cognizance he takes of our actions, as we are of that of our fellow-men, whose breath is in his nostrils. We are always taking counsel of the man or woman; always inquiring, as of the last importance, what will this one or that one say. And when we know that their opinion is against our sense of right we bury the truth in our souls, and cover it up and keep it there, never allowing it to get before the eyes of others; at least, not until it has been so far recognized by them that we can do it without loss of reputation.

I do not want you to understand me as expressing the belief that men have any more bravery than women. I have seen as much cowardice among men as among the other sex. I went, not long ago, to speak in a place where there was a great deal of Orthodoxy, and where, too, there was a religion preached, which, as one of the parishioners told me, was only 'the dried husks of Orthodoxy.' We have dealt out to us, from Sunday to Sunday, 'said he, 'only the dried husks of Orthodoxy.' When we went there to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting, I was stupid enough to suppose that he would attend. But no; he went where the other swine did eat, and partook of the husks that were there, (laughter and applause,) because he was hoping for laughter and preferment, which he feared he should fail to obtain were it known that he had the least shadow of a shade of inclination towards us. I believe he represents the majority of men.

Again: I went, a short time ago, to attend a meeting in a Massachusetts town, in behalf of a cause equally unpopular with this. A certain man there, on being invited to attend the meeting, replied,—"No! I will not go to hear a crazy woman; and she must be crazy, or she would not be alluding to such subjects." Well, a few days after, I went to a city in New York State to speak on the same subject, and there, strange to say, was this very man before my face, he having paid a quarter of a dollar to hear the speaker at whom he had flung so unmanly a sneer when at home! After the lecture—which seemed to have been acceptable to the audience—while the friends were crowding around the lecturer to express their sympathy and pleasure, that same toady came up to the platform, also, to give me his hand. (Laughter and cheers.)

The cowardice that such little incidents shadow are to my mind indicative of what lies at the root. Tell such a man that there are "Uncle Toms" scattered all over the South—tell him of the weight of woe that sweeps in resistless tide over the souls of these three millions of slaves, and you might as well whisper the tale in the "dull, cold ear of death;" his own hands are bound; he has no courage and no freedom; and before he can come and take hold of "Uncle Tom's" hand, and raise him up, and give Cassy the word of cheer she needs, he must make for himself a Declaration of Independence; and when he has achieved that, and become a man among men—when he himself has no shackles on his spirit, and dares to love what is true, and can listen to the word of truth—then, bending over from his place of power, he can take "Uncle Tom" by the hand, and recognise him as only "a little lower than the angels."

After all, it seems to me that the first thing that is needed for our cause is a great lesson of courage. We want such men and women as will not "flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder." We want such men and women who, if you "Tempt them with bribes, you tempt in vain; Try them with fire, you find them true."

When men and women of this character are more numerous than now, then, and not till then, can the slave leap out of the charnel-house where he now is, and find the recognition of that manhood which God gave him as his birthright. (Cheers.)

It is my present conviction that were I to go out and speak to the people on this great subject, wherever I went, from town to town, and from house to house, it should be my business to make the people understand that they were cowards; and I would prove it, to every man's face, and to every woman's, also, from the facts that I would teach them in twenty-four hours; and I would entreat them to reverence themselves, and spare the bonds that are on the spirit of man. It should be my business to search out a

manhood that could wear itself like a glorious crown, enabling men and women to give their aid to every cause that needs their aid, not stopping to ask, "Shall I get to office and power?" but only, "What is the right?"

We blame the clergy. I have heard, until my ear was pained by listening, the story of their recalcitrancy; and I have blamed them, and I do blame them, and they deserve to be blamed. But the people, who hold them in their control, are more to blame than they for their cowardice. But when a clergyman comes to learn to scorn his place, and his parish, and his salary, choosing rather the want of place, and of parish, and of salary, with the privileges that they give, and keeping only his integrity of purpose and action—when he comes to know that there is a wealth that thieves cannot steal—the approval of his own conscience—and that is more to him than the approval of all those whose breath is in their nostrils—then he will not stop to ask whether this man, who helps pay his salary, or the other, will be pleased if he opens his lips for the dumb; he will come up here, away from the circles of fashion with which he has been connected, and labor with us for the deliverance of them that are in bonds.

I know it costs something to be free—I have learned it. It costs something to be free, even in the least things. Date to differ from the fashion and custom and opinion of those about you, and just as surely as you made to smart—from those, too, who ought to be larger than to do it. The world may sneer at the nobleness of soul it cannot imitate; friends may rebuke that which they cannot comprehend; and even affection may be blind to the deep mysteries and high and noble purposes of life; but the consciousness of rectitude is its own exceeding great reward. (Loud applause.) The soul, animated with a holy purpose, is able always to trample under its feet all of obprobrium or of ridicule that malice or meanness can throw in its way. The soul that has a holy purpose, strengthened by that purpose, is able to pass by these petty meannesses, only with a feeling of pity that circumstances have so belittled human beings everywhere that they are not capable of receiving and using the reward which comes from freedom of mind and body.

I say again, it costs something to be free; but then, in freedom itself there is that richness, that treasure of wealth, which will amply repay all that can be lost otherwise. Take a true position, and, by your earnest and faithful life, be understood as having taken it for conscience and the truth's sake, and the grand of soul, the true and noble-hearted, will rally to your side, and round your brow.

"Through rifted clouds and parted,
Stream down the smile of God!"

And in that smile, and with it, it does not matter who of flesh may frown. (Loud cheers.)

If I were asked what should be the first help to emancipate the slave, and the second, and the third, I should say to the first, Courage; and to the second, Courage; and to the third, Courage. (Applause.)

Courage! Gather freedom, each man for himself, each woman for herself, and then use it for the good of all. Spurn the bond of servitude that keeps us now always asking what this great world, with its little fractions of men and women, is going to try, rather than trying to find answers to the great questions of truth and duty.

Men! Abolitionists! who have gathered here from all parts of New England, carry back to Maine, to the White Hills of New Hampshire, to the Green Mountains of Vermont, to Connecticut, to Rhode Island—carry in your minds and hold fast in your hearts, and always give the people the idea that among the first things that true love and sympathy for the slave requires, in order to make that sympathy effective, is to obtain for themselves that freedom which shall make them dare to do the deed they know needs to be done for the slave—to abandon, if need be, the church in which both their father and mother and themselves have grown up—even though it makes their foes those of their own household, and the men they have been wont to call friends grow cold towards them. What we need is an heroic faith in justice, benevolence, truth and right, going up over our hills and valleys; and against this, sustained by earnest word and earnest deed, the Slave Power cannot stand. The base are always cowards; and when they find the sturdy stand of an earnest manhood and womanhood arrayed against them, the slaveholders will feel that the day of their triumph is over. But now, they make you hunt down their fugitive slaves, and taint you with being meaner than those on the plantation. Throw off from your spirit the fetter that makes you stop to ask, "What will people say?" Do not ask that question, friends. It does not make any difference. Do not ask whether anybody is going to laugh at you for being true to yourself. Nobody was ever hurt by being laughed at—if there was, he deserved to be (laughter); but simply ask and strive faithfully to know the right, and then, if the heavens fall, go for it! (Loud cheers.) Then will the slave come out of his prison-house—and not till then. (Applause.)

OBELIN COLLEGE.—The Editor of the *Cleveland True Democrat* says:

We made a visit to Oberlin on Monday, where we spent the day. This is a beautiful and thriving village. It is known all over the country on account of its college. It is 34 miles from Cleveland, on the railroad leading from Cleveland to Toledo. In 1833, this spot was all woods; now there is a town of 2,000 inhabitants besides the students, who number 825; 378 of whom are females. An impression has been obtained, somehow, that the proportion of colored pupils is very large. They do not in all number 50, and many of them are nearly white. We were struck with the healthy and robust appearance of all the students that we saw.

Charles G. Finney is President of the Institution; eight Professors, and a great number of teachers as assistants. They are all workers; practical men, who can turn their hands to anything that is necessary to be done. Prof. Bacon, we saw at work on his farm, with his pantaloons inside of his boots, and otherwise dressed farmer-like, driving his wagon. These are the men for teachers.

There is no institution of learning doing so much for Democracy and Humanity as this.

The "Edmundson Girls," whose history is so tragic, are receiving an education there. They were sent by Mrs. Stowe, who pays for their education. They heard with Prof. Cowles.

Mary, the older of the two, is very sick, and fears are entertained that she will not recover. Emily's health is good, and she possesses the talent and energy that will make her a bright scholar.

Those who are not familiar with the lives of these young ladies are requested to read the sixth chapter of the "Key to Uncle Tom." There is no more touching one in it.

In our younger days we knew a pottiferloger by the name of Sheffield, a man of more than ordinary wit and talent. He often came in contact with—"a man as vain as he was empty-headed."

WINDHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

EDITED BY MRS. G. S. H. KENDRICK.
Brattleboro, Vt., July 6, 1853.

Free Democratic Nominations.

For Governor,
LAWRENCE BRAINERD of St. Albans.
For Lieut. Governor,
WM. M. FINELEY of Wethersfield.
For Treasurer,
D. P. THOMPSON of Montpelier.

The number of this paper should be 39 instead of 38, as presented on the front page.

"John Bunyan" to the Statesman.

EXTRACT.—"The celebrated Dean Swift, we are told, once travelling in Europe, stopped at the sign of the 'Three Crosses' (a country inn) for rest and refreshment. With his eagle eye, he soon discovered that his host was an honest, patient, intelligent and jovial fellow, and that the hostess was not only a great scold, but apparently desirous of wearing the 'unmentionables.' On leaving the Inn the next morning, the witty and sarcastic Dean posted up on the sign-post the following couplet:

Here hang three *Crosses* at thy door;
Hang up thy wife and she'll make four."
Now, suppose this learned and eccentric Dean should happen to be travelling in the United States, and should happen to stop at a certain *Printing office*. I wot of, instead of a tavern, I wonder what advice he would have posted up for the worthy husband. Methinks it would be somewhat like the following:

Here hang thy Sign, all plain in sight;
Hang up thy wife, (in breeches tight),
And striking emblem it will be
Of 'Woman's Rights' and Liberty!
Let all *Presbyterians*—white or black—
Read the *Woman's* and doff the hat!
And *Bloomers* too, while passing near,
All clap their hands and give a cheer!
But when *Mohandans* pass by,
They'll raise a shout and loudly cry,
(Falling flat to ground forsooth),
'Behold the *Oracle of Truth*!'

*Those who believe that *Koran* temperance in 'drinks' (total abstinence) is much better than *Bible* temperance, (temperate use)—*Statesman*.

Our self-esteem might have been somewhat wounded, had our friend "Bunyan" contemptuously turned his back upon us, as he did upon his opponent "Faithful" of the Statesman. But his gallant declaration, that he "cannot bring his 'Big Gun' to bear upon *piggies*," prefaced by his adoption of the language of Alexander the Great—"Give me *Kisses* to run with, and I will enter the lists"—so stirs our generous humor that we cannot forbear sharing the mirth-provoking quality of his notice of the Democrat with our readers.

We would suggest to "John," what he seems to have overlooked, that our "worthy advocate," like all who practice abstinence, is an ardent advocate of "woman's right" to believe that *Koran* temperance is better in practice than John's Bible license to drink "rum, beer, wine," &c. If he were a practical advocate of men's right to drink temperately, he would no doubt feel it a reflection upon his own habits to have his wife honored as an "oracle of (temperance) truth," and perhaps avail himself of John's advice to "hang her up." If Bible temperance men serve their wives in that fashion we hope their neighbors will, in shame for them and respect for their poor wives, pass on the other side, for it must be a terrible punishment, and exceedingly mortifying, to be hung up as a sign that one's husband is an opponent of woman's right to let alone "strong drinks." Our "worthy husband" wouldn't like to make such a long-creased animal of himself.

P. S.—If "John" will turn to Jeremiah and read the 33th chapter, he will find *Bible total abstinence*, and what God thinks of it.

Only think of it!—England could pay her debt of four billions of dollars in fourteen years, if she would take the pledge and devote all the money now spent in intoxicating drinks to its liquidation. What an astounding fact!—and we have calculated nothing but the mere money spent—nothing for the waste of time, labor, strength, health and life.

We have been looking over the resolutions of the Whig Convention, copied into the last Statesman, to see if they embody the new principles which we learn from the Freeman, the delegate from Brattleboro, Mr. Kilduff, intimated that the Whig party had by some means become possessed of. The Freeman reports the gentleman as having laid down the doctrine that "principles change with the times." We thought that principles were unchangeable, like Him who established them, the eternal laws of things, and that principles change the character of the times, not the times the principles. But the instability of the Whig party and its ignis fatuus character is now explained—it is not controlled by its principles, but its principles are manufactured by its conditions. Keeping this new revelation in mind in our search among the resolutions, we think we find an indication of this "greater restriction of the Executive power and patronage." When a Whig Administration yielded this power, and "every other branch of the government" was in the hands of the Whigs, if we recollect rightly, the party were not particularly alarmed about being "overshadowed."

It strikes us that the resolutions, as a whole, are awkwardly framed, and weakly, as if the principles of their concoction were indeed "in transitu." We didn't hear any call for the restriction of the Executive patronage of Mr. Fillmore, except to good whigs.

Castro.—Rev A. J. Foss of Manchester, N. H., made a speech at the late Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, bearing hard on the Northern Churches for their alleged countenance and fellowship of slaveholding. The following is one of his illustrations:

"Rev Richard Fuller, formerly of Bedford, S. C., now of Baltimore, an owner of slaves and defender of slavery, came to Boston, and Dr Sharp invited him to his pulpit; and had it been common law he would doubtless have invited him to the communion table. Not a word of objection was made to Dr Fuller because he was a slaveholder. But if he had been a believer in infant baptism, he would have been excluded. If he had ever sprinkled one of his infant slaves, he would not have been admitted. But he did not sprinkle infants, he only stole them. I am so unsophisticated as to think the last is almost as bad as the first."

The above is going the rounds among our exchanges, and we are not willing that our Baptist readers should miss the wholesome moral it teaches. But lest our "open communion," pro-slavery readers should chafe too much over the act administered to the poor Baptist, we beg to remind them that pro-slavery Christians, of whatever denominational name, who act in religious concert with slaveholders and their advocates, are in the same category. Theirs, and licentiousness and availing and disciplinable of forces in them all; and the baby-stealing, and wage-swindling and promiscuousness of slavery, are no less criminal violations of christian principle. "Lay on, McDuff! till the whole church comes up to the work, like an army with banners."

We see by the papers that we have an additional dignitary in our midst, and that one of our Denists now stands before the public as O. R. Post, D.D., in accordance with a diploma which he has received from the Philadelphia Dental College, bestowing upon him the honorary degree of "Doctor of Dental Surgery." In our opinion the Philadelphia Faculty could not confer the honor on one more worthy to receive it, than our friend Post, who can now be called Doctor by authority.

Here is an incident new to us. We wonder who Mrs. S. is, and how her fame has escaped recognition at home, and to which resolutions were adopted setting forth that they were not discouraged at their failure to procure State aid, and expressing a determination never to relinquish the great enterprise of tunnelling the Hoosic mountain.

The Temperance Standard says: "We have the satisfaction of communicating the important fact that our number of subscribers exceeds twenty-two hundred. And for this unexampled success in newspaper patronage in Vermont, we are very greatly indebted to the active exertions of the friends of temperance, in behalf of our enterprise."

Hurrah for Michigan and Temperance! The people were up in that young State, and spoke for men as they should speak. Twenty thousand majority for temperance! Why, this result is the most glorious on the record of our day.—*Com.*

During the year ending June 1, 1850, according to the last census, 9,114,000 bushels of rye were consumed in the manufacture of ardent spirits. So much bread, for which human beings were starving, changed to worse than stones!

The steamer Georgia, from Aspinwall, via Havana, arrived at New York on Wednesday last, with the California mails to the 1st June, 140 passengers, and \$2,111,000 in gold dust on freight.

Seventy-three cases of Asiatic cholera have occurred at Alexandria, Egypt, since the 11th of May, thirty-four of which have proved fatal. The disease, which has been confined to certain localities, is now abated.

The Littleton (N. H.) Reporter, published near the White Mountains, says the thermometer in that place, on the 14th June, in the shade, stood at 92°; on the 15th at 98°, and on the 16th at 102°.

Accounts generally concur in stating that the wheat harvest in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and most of the Western States, will be very abundant. It is stated however in the Rochester papers, that many of the wheat fields in that region are being ravaged by the weevil.

At the late term of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, a diploma to practice medicine was given to Miss Caroline Brown, daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown of Utica, N. Y.

A little girl, named Maria Wilkins, was stung to death by hornets, near Fort Ancient, Ohio, on Sunday week. Her brothers threw stones at the nest and ran away, leaving her a victim to the infuriated insects.

The National Woman's Rights Convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th of October next, to consider the rights of citizenship, and how far women are entitled thereto.

Elegant Literature from the "Temperance Standard," edited by Hon. Thomas E. Powers:

When woman's rights are stirred a bit,
The first reform she pitches on,
Is how she may, with least delay,
Just draw a pair of breeches on.

Messrs Thompson & Ronger have filled up with an assortment of prime articles in their list. See adv't.

FOURTH OF JULY ACCIDENTS.—We are deeply pained to record, that Mr Jacob Estey of this village, was seriously injured on the 4th by the bursting of a cylinder, or something of the sort, which was heavily charged with powder. Mr E. was passing on business when it was discharged, and a piece weighing about 15 pounds struck him on the upper and back part of the hip. . . . A son of Mr Jonas Brown is reported to have lost an eye by the explosion of a fire cracker. When men will claim the exclusive right to make laws, stop this trifling with human life and comfort! The mothers would keep the boys in bed of nights, and prohibit fire-crackers and powder burning for fun."

THE CURCULIO.—S. Maxwell Jr, in a note addressed to the editor of the Greenfield Republic, says: "I have within a week discovered a fact about the Curculio which is new to me, and have also found it entirely new to others to whom I have communicated it. All those who have had fruit bitten by the Curculio, have probably noticed a little brown spot on the inner edge of the crescent shaped puncture. That little brown spot covers the egg left by the bug, and the puncture seems to be made for a place of safety for the young worm when hatched, and also to facilitate its operations in boring into the fruit. Persons having plum-trees and lemons, and wish to preserve a few of the fruit after it has been bitten, can with the point of a penknife, or with the finger nail, easily remove the spot from its place, and no harm will come to the fruit except the scar left by it."

The Rhode Island Legislature, at its late session, passed a law prohibiting the Banks of that State from issuing, re-issuing or circulating hereafter, any bill for any fractional parts of a dollar, under a penalty of fifty dollars.

Rhode Island Constitutional Convention.—Returns from 25 towns show a decided majority of conservative delegates elected to the Convention, and a majority of over 1800 against holding a Convention. Six towns not heard from will probably increase this majority.

Baptist College in India.—The college at Benares, India, has been purchased for about \$3000, for the British Baptist Missionary Society. The college is eligibly situated, in the heart of Hindoo idolatry.

Chinese Version of the Scriptures.—Rev Dr Medhurst and Dr Bridgman have completed the Chinese version of the Scriptures, on which they have been engaged for years.

Rev E. L. Magoon has been invited to deliver the annual oration before the Literary Societies of Brown University, at the commencement in September next.

The recent law of Congress authorizing the coinage of three dollar gold pieces went into operation June 1st.

Rev Dr Sharp of Boston died on the 23d ult, at the residence of R. P. Brown, Esq., near Baltimore, Md.

Hon Robert J. Walker has been appointed and accepted the mission to China.

The New York Legislature has passed a law subjecting every clergyman, physician, and other persons, to a fine of fifty dollars, if they neglect to report cases of births, deaths and marriages.

Some three thousand Democrats of Providence (R. I.) have petitioned the General Assembly that the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court be removed, and that Thomas W. Dorr be appointed in his stead.

ACQUITTED.—Agnes Anderson, charged with the murder of her lover, who had seduced and then deserted her at New Orleans, has been acquitted. Very little effort was made to convict her, although there was no lack of proof that she killed him; her counsel admitted this, and then refused to make her his wife, she was justified in killing him. The Judge charged the Jury that they ought to believe as they pleased.

The story of an alleged slave insurrection at New Orleans, it turns out, has hardly a shadow of foundation.—The statement was made by a drunken negro, who, when sober, denied all knowledge of any such movement.

An anti-beating association has been formed in Philadelphia. The members pledge themselves against eating any meat which costs more than eight cents a pound. The present retail price is 18 cents a pound.

Those who pay best.—A well known political economist says: "We pay best those who destroy us—generals. Second, those who cheat us,—politicians & quacks. Third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and least of all; those who instruct us—authors, schoolmasters and editors."

Mr E. D. Ryder has recovered \$6,682 82 of the Portsmouth, Saco and Portland Railroad Company, for injuries occasioned by an accident some eighteen months ago.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is rather tough. "Dave is took-out, which is to put out your head and see; and Dave is took-out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrains."

The Two Conventions.

We had the pleasure of attending, in the character of a spectator, asking all profitable light and information thereby to be gained, the State Convention of the two old parties, held last week at Montpelier—that of the Whigs on the 23d, and of the Old Line Democracy on the 23d instants.

The Convention on the 23d, was the smallest Whig State Convention, probably ever assembled at Montpelier, the delegates from abroad numbering much, if any, over fifty, and the whole number taking part not exceeding seventy-five. It struck us as a feeble Convention—feeble in numbers, and feeble in the character of its proceedings, which seemed to indicate a loss of confidence, a lack of spirit, and the want of distinguishing principles. We listened in vain to hear them present some issue with the present administration; but we heard none. And we ventured to say that the resolutions, if only passed by one complimentary to Gen. Pierce, would, the whole of them, be readily accepted and passed by any Democratic Convention in the country. Nor did we hear anything branched by the speakers which could be said to vary the characteristics of the resolutions, unless it was the new item of political doctrine proclaimed by the leading speaker, Mr. Kirkland of Brattleboro, who said "principles change with the times." This newly discovered principle of political ethics seemed to be introduced in justification of the new character which he intimated the Whig party may be called on to assume for the good of the country, leaving us to infer that the party, having passed through one form of life, is now in a sort of chrysalis state, and about to come out something quite different from what it has ever been. We hope it will.

President Wheeler, the only other speaker the Convention was able to secure, managed matters rather better. He pronounced a splendid eulogy on the Whig party, which, after all, he contended, was not dead, but meant to be understood as speaking suppressively, or the same as if it were dead. No, it was not dead, and must not die. Two-thirds of all our treaties, he said, and all our good ones, had been made by the Whigs; and now, when our commercial relations were growing so much more important than ever, should they, he asked in his peculiarly emphatic manner, leave the exercise of these functions all with the Democrats? "No," he said. "We will show the Whigs of this the better wisdom of the propriety of a plume some of the popular airs for church music: 'brethren, don't let the Devil have all the good tunes, but take them to yourselves, who can do so much better service with them.'"

As this seemed to be all the issue President Wheeler raised with the administration, and as he was very confident that this great treaty making gift of the Whigs could not be suffered to go unemployed without serious detriment to the country, we would respectfully suggest a compromise between the administration and the Whigs, who appear to be so near together these days, by which all the treaty making should be transferred, or let out by the Whigs. It might alike facilitate the operations of government, and "make the honors easy."

The Old State Ticket was renominated.

The Old Line Democratic Convention was, in numbers, about double that of the Whigs, and, in way, far more spirited. The character of the Convention was evidently much modified from that of the previous Old Line Conventions by the large and active accessions it last fall received from the coalition democrats, who for the last four years had, with occasional truces, attended the Free Soil school, but who had, from a variety of motives and views, probably, concluded to hazard their character for consistency by going for Gen. Pierce without his platform. Indeed, we are not sure but it should be that this part of the Democracy in attendance actually controlled the Convention. The Old Line part were anxious to show their fealty to the Baltimore platform by nominating for Governor, Merritt Clark, the leading delegate from Vermont to the Baltimore Convention, and one of the willing builders of that outrage on the name of Democracy, the platform there adopted. But their new recruits of whom we have spoken, flared up in a body, threatening a new Convention, and finally drove the Old Liners to consent to the adoption of the old State Ticket, Robinson, Kidder and Page—all of whom, it will be recollected, were cordial supporters of the Union Platform of the 31st of May, 1849. To this and a similar frustration of their selection of State Committee, the Old Liners finally submitted with a very tolerable grace; but from sundry indications, we could not help fancying that they felt, about that time, a little—a very little, perhaps—like Sinbad the Sailor, when he first felt the weight of the Old Man of the Sea, who suddenly jumped upon his back and felt to spurring and kicking, and could not get off till made drunk with the juice of the grapes, which when Sinbad managed to tempt the perditional old fellow. It is none of our business, to be sure, but in case the load should be felt to be oppressive, we would suggest to the Old Liners that perhaps a little treasury party, judiciously administered, might prove a very good substitute for grapes, at least so far as to quiet down the kicking.

The resolutions, which were brief, and of the Young America stamp, were well enough, except that which concerned without qualification, the President's inauguration. But this is claimed by those from our free school, to be a softening down of the direct enforcement of the Compromise by the last Old Line Convention. Perhaps it is: but it is strange that any party claiming to be the Democracy of Vermont the land of Ethan Allen, should be so cowardly, so lost to the political pride and independence which once characterized the Democrats of these green hills, from Mathew Lyon downward to the anti-Cass men of 1848, as to fear to repudiate, openly and boldly, such an act as the Fugitive Slave Law, and its train of attendant measures, which they know to be not only no part of the Democratic Creed, but the very essence of old Federalism, and which, if suffered to remain unrepudiated, and go on gathering strength and drawing around it kindred measures from these monstrous precedents, they ought to know will leave them in possession of the name of Democracy, without one of its principles.—*Freeman*.

AN UNREASONABLE SHERIFF.—Some years ago a sheriff in the northern part of Vermont held a writ of execution against one of his neighbors, which as usual in cases of this sort with the debtor in question, he had a good deal of difficulty in collecting, and, indeed, was compelled at last to resort to the most stringent provisions of the law. The debtor, though a man of limited means, was a man of unlimited hopes and expectations, and gave his parole of honor to the officer that he would certainly pay the debt by a certain day, but the day came and so did the sheriff, but no money. Again and again a day was fixed for the payment of the execution, but no advance was made towards "liquidation." At last, as the execution had well nigh "run out," the sheriff told the debtor that the debt must be paid at once, or he should proceed immediately to advertise and sell his personal effects. The debt was not large, but the sum was not an easy one to raise on the spot, and the debtor begged for a delay of one day more. The sheriff was inexorable. "I give you my word of honor," said the debtor. "It won't do," said the sheriff. "I'll pledge you this Bible," said the debtor—offering a large family Bible worth more than the amount of the execution. "I don't want it," said the officer. "Well then," replied the debtor indignantly, "if you won't take my word, nor the word of God, for the debt, you may go to the devil."—*Boston Post*.

Nineteen and half pounds of wool was shorn, a few days ago, from a two year old buck owned by Mr. John Haverfield of Cady, Ohio.